

## In My Skin by Pondermoniums

**Series:** [Harringrove Tumblr Drabbles \[3\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Drawing/writing on skin shows up on the other person, M/M, Soul Bond, from tumblr, literature references, mention of sexual content, soft smut, soul mates

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**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

Steve's always written on his body. He's often gotten drawn doodles in return. It's fun, like a magic trick. For some reason he doesn't often piece together that it's another person on the other end of this meta telephone line.

But he can tell when they're upset, because whatever he writes gets smeared and blurred. Silenced.

# 1. Chapter 1

## Author's Note:

Here's [part 1's original tumblr post](#) ~

This au was inspired by [this artist's comic](#) ~

Steve's always written on his body. He's often gotten drawn doodles in return. It's fun, like a magic trick. For some reason he doesn't often piece together that it's another person on the other end of this meta telephone line.

But he can tell when they're upset, because whatever he writes gets smeared and blurred. Silenced.

Eventually he draws a heart and a question mark on his wrist. He stares at his arm all day, holds it outside of the shower so it doesn't wash off. He wakes up to the heart turned into a fully tattoo or album design.

Puberty leads to way more penises being drawn on Steve's body than he'd like to deal with. He retaliates by drawing clowns and receives a large, bold **NO**.

They play games too. *This or That*, where Steve writes down options and the other side circles their answer. It's how he learns that the person is allergic to gluten.

*Cake or pasta.*

*Stop giving me things I can't eat.*

*You can't eat cake?*

*Ha you're bothered by the cake but not the pasta?*

*Lactose intolerant?*

*No celiac*

*What*

*It's a disease. I can't digest gluten. Bread. Flour.*

*Is it contagious?*

*Pff no just stop giving me shitty options.*

Steve knows the person is left handed because his right arm is the designated soul mate arm, while he writes on his left. One day he feels a tickle on his right arm that begins to crawl all the way over his shoulder to his chest. Which would be fine, if he wasn't sweating in the summer sun at his parents' country club event.

He excuses himself to the bathroom and rolls up his sleeve to gape at the freaking tattoo design actively crawling over his arm. Steve always has a marker or pen on him so he quickly scrawls, *I'M AT AN EVENT PLS STOP*

*You wearing shorts?*

*I wish but no?*

Steve feels his legs itching and tickling for the rest of the afternoon. Admittedly, the drawings get better and better, and they make him laugh. Unicorns prancing on his legs, ejaculating suspicious sparkles and crying hearts licking each other. It's so not his style, but they're from *his person*, so he leaves them on until he asks to wash them off.

*Why are you asking?*

*Because drawing's hard? You took a long time drawing this stuff.*

*If I wanted to keep it, I'd put it on paper.*

Then arrived senior English and Steve could only remember quotes for tests if he cheated with them on his arm.

*I can't say sweet things. But you are beautiful.*

*Are you flirting with me?*

*No, it's some dead guy. I have a test in ten minutes. Don't erase!*

*Ha Tender is the Night. Good luck*

*YOU READ????? HELP*

*OF COURSE I READ WTH*

*Helllppp meeeee*

*FSF slaps, read it yourself.*

*wHaT and I can't in 10 minutes!*

*F SCOTT FITZGERALD omg lost cause*

Thing is....everyone knows Steve Harrington and Billy Hargrove are soul mates because the idiots keep their noses to their arms instead of looking *up* to see each other across the frigging class room. Until -

“Gentlemen? Steve. Billy.”

Their heads perk up at the teacher moving amused and concerned eyes between them. The rest of the class watches like an audience riveted to episode 10 of a dramatic sitcom.

“Move your conversation to after class, please, and wear your jackets during the test.”

Their heads whipped to each other -

that new guy, asshole Billy Hargrove

pretty boy, Harrington, can't get through gym without cleaning his shoes -

and the class uproariously laughed at their faces turning beet red.

## 2. Chapter 2

### Notes for the Chapter:

Here's [part 2's original tumblr post](#) ~

Steve's teeth clenched as his shoulder blades hit the brick walls of the alley between the gymnasium and school building.

Their English class was only two doors down from an exit, and Billy Hargrove, *of all people*, gripped Steve's jacket the moment he passed out of the classroom door, and hauled his ass outside.

Now Steve had a face full of California freckles that made the accompanying blue eyes look like tropical waters. Billy had been a menace ever since he got to this town, and all of Hawkins' fields didn't leave enough room for the both of them, apparently. Shoving Steve around during gym. Parking next to him like the noise of his frigging Camaro would eclipse the humble BMW's existence.

Billy released him but stayed crowded in his space as he ordered, "Get a pen."

"What?"

"A pen, Harrington. I know you have one."

*Yeah, I just failed a test with it*, he thought bitterly, but he'd also been using it to talk to *Billy Freaking Hargrove* all morning. He pulled it out of his binder and bit the cap to push the end into it -

"OW. *Don't* - " Steve shoved him back a step, interrupting the zagged line Billy was scoring into his hand. Into Steve's hand. " - press that hard. Jesus Christ."

He waved said hand in front of Billy's face. "It's real, all right? It's me. It's me! What? Did you expect to be taller than me or some - "

Steve's head knocked the brick this time when Billy shoved him back,

fisting his shirt to the point of stretching the fibers

And kissing Steve's mouth like he had the water in a desert.

Everything Billy did was aggressive, so he supposed this shouldn't be much of a surprise, but

But the stubble scraping against Steve's chin sent sparks launching down his spine. Soft lips with a little edge of teeth, and Billy's warmth radiating through their shirts into Steve's chest...

He tried to lean forward, to adjust the kiss, to give his neck some space, but Billy caged him in. Steve's nose pressed into his cheek and his hands found Billy's denim jacket to get his own grip and shoved Billy back by his own kiss.

But the guy who doodled on his body, an artist who couldn't eat cake and liked authors who waxed romantically - *Steve's special person* - was a slab of muscle dressed in denim and leather. He held onto Steve's front while his other hand framed his jaw and man-handled him back into place.

"Billy," Steve tried. He stopped just shy of Steve's mouth, like he intended to claim Steve's oxygen as well as his space. "Gimme some space. There are bricks back here."

Steve registers Billy's pretty, long, long and pretty lashes moving before he sees the expression behind them. The look Billy has. Like he's deciding between one type of aggression and another.

"You've been in my skin for years. You can handle some bricks."

He starts kissing Steve again, and for all the good he's giving, he gets spittle and laughter in return. When he finally retreats back to those millimeters of space, Steve giggles, "You're so conceited, I swear to god."

"I'm the same person I've always been."

"I thought you were so sweet. Always drawing me things."

"I have my moods."

"Yeah, no kidding," Steve laughed breathily and pivoted his face before Billy could kiss him again. He wedged his jaw beside Billy's neck and held onto the back of his jacket as he made the guy carry his weight.

"What are you doing?"

"Hugging you."

"I always knew you were a sap."

Steve smiled a little even if Billy did not see it. He leaned his head into Billy's, feeling the soft pillow of his hair, the curve of his ear. "I didn't think I'd ever meet you. I'm glad I did."

Like Billy's marking on his skin, Steve listened to his silence but felt his fingertips drawing on his backside.

And if Steve expected Billy to relax or be nicer to him

He was dead wrong.

Billy got worse.

Steve had been told more than once that he was needy, touchy-feely, thrived on attention, but Billy was something else. Steve woke up with a full rose drawn on his forehead. He was almost late to school from washing it off. Then Billy stole his lunch. Outright took Steve's tray off the table and went who-knows-where; Steve had to get back to world geography class or he'd fail the class for too many skips.

Then came gym. Word had clearly spread that Steve and Billy were spoken for, and Steve had never witnessed teenage boys shower faster in his life. Steve glanced around, just now moving his soap bar over his arm while Billy smirked fondly at him from under his own nozzle. "For no reason, have you ever done anything sexy in public?"

"Ate a girl out during a homecoming game."

That knocked Billy's features down a notch, and Steve laughed, "I'm not blowing you in these disgusting bathrooms."

Billy scoffed and twisted his water off. "I guess it should've landed that you were a prude when you had to be somewhere without markings on your body."

Steve flicked his eyes at the ceiling, because Billy was *hot* - a fact he already knew, but now he had hours of experience writing all over that rippling skin. And Billy's hair curled really pretty when it was wet.

Steve liked to practice decency, okay.

He did let his gaze drift and fall to land on him, though, when he replied, "I have standards. High ones. Maybe stop complaining and consider yourself fortunate."

Billy lingered for a while longer, just absorbing that before strolling out of the communal shower.

Billy definitely got worse.

Grinding pens into his hand until Steve threw himself out of bed in the middle of the night to turn his light on and read: *Come outside. Pool.*

And yeah, Steve marched his ass downstairs in his slippers and robe because it was his own damn house and he liked soft things. And because he genuinely didn't know if Billy would or would not throw a rock at his window if he didn't get dressed fast enough.

Billy had already found the control panel and turned the pool lights on. He took lethargic steps around the water as Steve slid the glass door closed and crossed his arms. "You know, I'm all for staying up late, but not for my sleep being interrupted."

Billy ignored that to kneel down and wave a hand through the water. "Didn't know you had a pool."

Steve shrugged. "I've got a bed too. You wanna use it?"

Billy laughed and stood back up - to start removing his clothes. "I want to go swimming first."



Steve exhaled tiredly and let his face fall into his hands. "Billy, why am I out here?"

He got his answer in the form of Billy gripping the sash around his waist. He didn't undo it, but pulled so Steve's hips lurched forward. "What's under this?"

"My tired ass that wants to sleep so I can keep up with the new kid in Hawkins."

Billy chuckled and slipped his hand inside the folds. Steve bowed a little against the cooler hand wandering his bare skin. Cradling his naked waist. "What's he like?"

"The wrong kind of pain in my ass."

He'd caught Billy off guard with that one. Billy coughed a laugh and his chuckles dwindled as he let his perusal of Steve's body loosen the robe. Then he pulled Steve to him so his mouth could press slow kisses over the slope of his shoulder. Steve's head fell back when those lips found the tiny moles on his throat.

Steve's arms encompassed him and he felt the familiar, soft press of Billy's ear against his cheek. "I'm tired."

"I want to swim."

"You're already naked. Go ahead."

"You can't think you're going back inside without getting wet."

"And you're not getting in bed with me before rinsing in the shower. We're both high maintenance."

Steve swam in the pool.

Billy wore his robe and slippers into the house.

They showered together and, to Steve's delight, Billy snuggled in close without putting his damp hair on Steve's chest. The latter fell asleep with a large arm over his diaphragm and ocean breaths in his ear.

Steve woke up to the wet sensation of Billy drawing on his chest with his markers. Instead of opening his eyes, Steve mumbled, “If you’re drawing more penises...”

Billy hummed with mirth. “Just some unicorns humping each other.”

Steve earned a yelp when he reared up and tackled Billy to the bed. He kissed him silly and tasted his soul mate’s skin in his own bed. He made Billy’s hair a fluffy nightmare by the time he was through, and licked and sucked all of his muscles into jelly before he went to the bathroom to relieve himself...

Two birds under his collarbones framed a script spanning over his chest.

*I can’t say sweet things. But you are beautiful.*

**Author's Note:**

[My harringrove Tumblr~](#)

[My main Tumblr~](#)